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Cs/Cook

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My dear Mr. Pfeiffer:

To give you the skeleton of our telephone conversation.

Today a Mr. Lord called upon me stating that he formerly lived in the vicinity of Belle Mead, Somerset County, about twenty five years ago and still has relatives living in Asbury Park; that in order to clear his mind he wanted to give me some information that might possibly make trouble for him. He said that four years ago he was in the bootlegging business and on several occasions used the Phillips Farm as a shifting ground to make deliveries of liquor; that on the night on which Mrs. Gibson says she saw the murders committed one Harry Fritz was with her the entire evening from about dark until eleven o'clock, and that Fritz told Lord that Mrs. Gibson saw nothing of the kind that she says she saw. Lord says that he employed Harry Fritz as an assistant in the bootlegging business, and that that afternoon they took on a load of liquor at the Highlands; that on the day before Lord had Fritz go and look over the Phillips Farm; that on the day in question Lord had an engagement to shift his load at the Phillips Farm, selling it to some country club; that the hour was to be nine-thirty that night; that unexpectedly he was forced to leave the Highlands at an earlier hour and got at the Phillips Farm just before dusk; that he drove up in the Phillips lane and stopped; that shortly thereafter Mrs. Gibson drove in on her mule; that Mrs. Gibson and Fritz had an appointment there and that Fritz and Mrs. Gibson had long been intimate; that, as there was to be such a wait, Lord decided to go on and make his delivery direct at the country club and left Fritz at the Phillips Farm with Mrs. Gibson; that Lord returned, reaching the Phillips Farm at about eleven o'clock and picked up Fritz.

Lord says that Fritz was formerly a butcher but did not make a success of that business, and that he has been engaged in various enterprises, selling vegetables, selling pigs, so on and so on; that Lord's information is that Fritz is at present somewhere in Baltimore, and that anybody who knows him and should hang around Fayette Street for a time would see him; that the last time Lord saw Fritz was in Washington about six weeks ago when Fritz told Lord that he was working for a vegetable outfit. Lord says that Freddie Finkel, a clerk in an old hotel known as the Home Hotel on Market Street, Newark, is a friend of Fritz and probably knows where Fritz is; that, if an inquiry was made of Finkel as to where Fritz is, Finkel would say